2527

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. XIV. No. 15. NEW YORK, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1903. Whole No. 377.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Many papers are saying that America cannot afford to talk about the Russian massacres till we have less lynching. Well, that is not the only curb Brother Jonathan will have to put on his tongue. The daily press is reporting that Lieutenant Hamilton in the Philippines was sentenced to dismissal in disgrace for grossly insulting the young wife of a brother officer, but President Roosevelt showed mercy on the ground that this would cast a stain on the honorable name of Alexander Hamilton (of whom the lieutenant is a descendant), and commuted the sentence, for this reason, to a reduction of some hundred and odd points of seniority in the grade of lieutenant. Surely the daily press will now quit saying uncomplimentary things about the position of the old aristocratic families in the organization of the British army.

Col. Wright, as umpire in a case which arose under the Gray commission's award, rendered a wonderful decision. The plutocratic press hailed it as Solomonic, but a little reflection shows it to be meaningless, delusive, and self-contradictory. He ruled, to begin with, that the coal operators had no right to discriminate against the former strikers; that, in fact, these ex-strikers, if not notoriously incompetent or under indictment for crime, were entitled to preference over other applicants. It follows that such former strikers may not be discharged because of their membership in the miners' union or on account of their connection with the strike. For, if an operator, after giving a striker a preference, is at liberty to discharge him, for either of the causes specified, five minutes (or five weeks) later, the "preference" is a mockery and a farce. But, if the operator may not discharge such men for the causes named, his right to discharge is materially abridged. Yet the sapient umpire, in the same opinion, declares that the right to discharge must be maintained "intact." The Gray award, he says, did not impair or abridge the freedom of the operator to discharge a man, or the freedom of a coal miner to quit for any reason. He continues: "Any other view of the case would result in compelling men to work for an employer when they did not wish to, and thus enslave them, when, on the other hand, it would compel employers to employ men whether they had work for them or not, and whether the men were incompetent or not, and would thus stagnate business and work to the injury of all other employees." Wright's view of the case either compels the operators to employ men who are obnoxious to them, and limits very seriously their right to discharge, or else it deceives the miners with the promise of a preference. If the right to discharge is intact, the operator may dismiss the miner he has "preferred" five seconds afterwards on any pretext or even without a pretext, cause, or excuse — by virtue of his general right to discharge. The wise umpire may choose either horn of this dilemma. But is he much to blame? What can you expect of a Rooseveltian strike commission, of compulsory arbitration which is not legally compulsory, of the product of meddlesome interference and insincerity?

In one of his campaign speeches "Tom" Johnson, the *bête noire* of plutocracy in politics, had occasion to refer to the Ohio supreme court, which had issued an injunction to restrain the holding of a special election at Cleveland. He began as follows: "To-night I shall, as I believe I always have, speak with the utmost deference of the supreme court. We ought to respect the court, for the court is the representative of the law of the land, and I, in common with other people, respect our laws. Without such respect we should have anarchy." This is a very loose, superficial, and strange utterance. It establishes a new rule for the exclusive benefit of the courts. Johnson does not think it necessary to respect, and speak with the utmost deference of, senators, congressmen, governors, and presidents. He does not think that without respect for them we should have anarchy. He holds, and rightly of course, that we owe no respect or deference to those who do not deserve it. A boodler is a boodler and a fool a fool, whatever public office he holds, and we are entitled to tell the truth about official knaves and clowns and misfits. Why, then, must an exception be made of judges? If we think they are corrupt, or ignorant, or biassed, why must we nevertheless speak of them with the utmost deference? If we libel them, they have redress at law, like other folk. If we tell the truth, it is their misfortune, not our fault. How preposterous it is to maintain that we owe deference to contemptible persons when they happen to occupy the bench! Johnson, bold radical that he is, is a victim of an absurd American superstition. The intolerable pretensions of our judicial tyrants, supposed to be merely interpreters of laws made by others, seem to have impressed even this fearless champion of popular rights. He ought to know that the greatest danger in the United States is in the usurpation and audacity of the judges. They are nullifiers of the law, not interpreters, and they go to lengths of aggression and iniquity of which ordinary legislators never dream.

The Sole Duty of the Present.

[Henry Maret.]

The future that is trying to dawn struggles against the past that is trying to prevent it. All that the present has to do is to declare against the past, for the duty of the present is to suppress all the barriers and oppose all the obstacles that retard the march of humanity.

To an Unborn Pauper Child.

Breathe not, hid Heart: cease silently,
And though thy birth-hour beckons thee,
Sleep the long sleep:
The Doomsters heap
Travails and teens around us here,
And Time-wraiths turn our songsingings to fear.

Hark, how the peoples surge and sigh,
And laughters fail, and greetings die;
Hopes dwindle; yea,
Faiths waste away,
Affections and enthusiasms numb;
Thou canst not mend these things if thou dost come.

Had I the ear of wombed souls
Ere their terrestrial chart unrolls,
And thou wert free
To cease, or be,
Then would I tell thee all I know,
And put it to thee: Wilt thou take Life so?

Vain vow! No hint of mine may hence
To theeward fly: to thy locked sense
Explain none can
Life's pending plan:
Thou wilt thy ignorant entry make
Though skies spout fire and blood and nations quake.

Fain would I, dear, find some shut plot
Of earth's wide wold for thee, where not
One tear, one qualm,
Should break the calm.
But I am weak as thou and bare;
No man can change the common lot to rare.

Must come and bide. And such are we—
Unreasoning, sanguine, visionary—
That I can hope
Health, love, friends, scope
In full for thee; can dream thou'lt find
Joys seldom yet attained by human kind.

Thomas Hardy.

The Liberating Sense.

["Life."]

The sense of duty makes men slaves to be.
The sense of humor comes and sets them free.

Liberty.

Published Monthly; One Year, 60 Cents; Two Years, $1.00; Single Copies, 5 Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 43.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box 1312, New York.

NEW YORK, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1903.

Entered December 3, 1902, at New York, N. Y., as second-class matter, under act of congress of March 3, 1879.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excisenan, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The Latest Aspect of Bernard-Shawism.

When George Bernard Shaw was an orthodox Fabian, — if it be possible to consider Shaw statically instead of dynamically, — he reluctantly rejected liberty for the sake of economic comfort. His own preferences and natural tendencies, he plainly told us, were Anarchistic; but he could not see how mere liberty would solve the bread-and-beer question; how industrial equity could be insured without governmental interference and compulsion in the interest of the many. He was not willing to take any chances with regard to economic justice; he *was* willing to risk individual liberty.

That was a peculiar, unusual apologia for Fabian Socialism, but it was Shawesque, and quite intelligible. Since that position was held and defended with Mr. Shaw's substitute for logic (for he never had any use for the tyrant, logic), much has happened to Shaw. I cannot write his Odyssey, interesting as it would be. We find him now in a state of extreme dejection — in a purely abstract sense, of course. He is a disappointed, disillusionized, sad, and embittered reformer (as a paragraph in Liberty has already recorded).

Humanity, he has discovered, does not progress, and all the reforms designed to improve the conditions of existence have left man as uncivilized as he ever was. We infer that the ideal of economic equality no longer has the attractiveness which Mr. Shaw found in it in his salad days. Indeed, why should he concern himself about stupid and brutal bipeds who will eat, drink, procreate, and amuse themselves without thought of their own souls and the advance of society as a whole? If bread is not a means to an end,—intellectual and moral elevation,— why should we care whether the average individual is fed and sheltered or exposed to starvation and the elements?

That the materialistic Socialist should begin to trouble himself about the soul of man is an encouraging sign. Humanity may stand still; Mr. Shaw has certainly moved forward. But what, if social reform has failed, are we to do to improve the under-man? Salvation, it seems, lies in artificial selection, in scientific human breeding. Nature being slow and wasteful and unintelligent, the minority of superior persons or over-men ought to undertake the deliberate breeding of man as a political animal.

A sympathetic reviewer in "The Speaker" thus summarizes and criticises the new Shaw philosophy:

> We are the unconscious puppets of the Will to Live (or, as he calls it, the Life Force). It deludes us by promising pleasures that are unreal and delights that are transitory, only to induce us to postpone our own good to that of the next generation. We are for ever the unconscious victims of the future, spending ourselves upon others who in their turn will make a like unwitting sacrifice under the pressure of the same illusion. And forthwith Mr. Shaw steps in to urge us to clear our minds of illusions, and organize our own lives and society with a view to scientific breeding. We are to do wilfully what nature only forces us to do by cunning, and in the process we are to refine away the "amoristic sentiment" which serves as the compelling illusion. We are to make ourselves conscious and scientific vehicles for the Life Force. Mr. Shaw does not appear to see that his demand involves a contradiction. A conscious and reasonable humanity would revolt against the atrocious trick which nature plays upon us. It would refuse to pursue a good that is never realized. It would decline to be a worker in a comic process which can be amusing only to an eternal spectator; it would declare that progress interested it no more than a sum in arithmetical progression. The illusion that we are living in the present for our own generation and our private good alone makes existence interesting. Clear our minds of that cant, and we should certainly not consent to play the *rôle* of breeders for a future that, in its own turn, would be no more than a worthless present. A conscious humanity would strike, and refuse to perpetuate itself.

Let us assume that the Life Force is potent enough to overcome the intellectual objections to a process that is aimless and purposeless from the individual standpoint. Is scientific breeding possible? Would it produce the results desired by Mr. Shaw? No doubt artificial selection, if drastic enough, would enable us to breed a race of long-legged, or flat-footed, or bull-headed people. But would it produce strong-minded, or clear-hearted, or justice-loving, or independent and free beings? There is nothing in human experience to support an affirmative answer. We know that Fabians beget Anarchists, Freethinkers beget victims of religious superstition, bigots beget atheists, and Philistines beget Heines, Proudhons, Nietzsches, and Kropotkines. Mr. Shaw knows perfectly well that, if Fabians were prohibited from marrying non-Fabians, the chances of keeping the offspring within the fold would be no greater than, if as great as, they are now.

Galton has anticipated Mr. Shaw in this advocacy of artificial selection. He published an amusing and wholly unscientific essay proposing all sorts of privileges and subsidies for improved specimens of humanity. He utterly failed to prove that such breeding would insure mental and moral progress. The fact is that his scheme would bring forth a species of egotistical, callous, vain, and worthless creatures.

Mr. Shaw is a reformer-in-a-hurry. Factory legislation, municipal tramways, and government telegraphs have elevated Philistia, and scientific breeding is suggested as a substitute. But nature will not be driven in this direction. And there is no necessity for driving her. She has done very well, considering the obstacles — from the days of Cain to those of modern plutocracy. Try freedom, Mr. Shaw. Try real equality of opportunity. Give natural selection a chance under conditions favorable to progress. Give each all his earnings, and let him indulge his amoristic sentiment to the top of his bent. Do this, and wait a few hundred years. The scientific breeding experiment may then be found superfluous. S. R.

Ernest Crosby's "Fools."

The friendly controversy between Ernest Crosby and myself is continued by Mr. Crosby in the October number of the "Whim," wherein he makes rejoinder to my article, "Logic and Common Sense," in the September number of Liberty. He begins thus:

> In his capacity of high priest of Logic, Tucker formally excommunicates me for preaching non-resistance and voting for Col. Bryan.

I have often noticed that, when I confront any one with an unanswerable argument, his first resort is to call me a "high priest," or a "pope," or something of that sort. Why? Is it more priestly or papal for me to criticise Crosby than for Crosby to criticise me? He is always criticising somebody, and so am I. It is a function that each of us has chosen. From what communion have I ejected him? From that of logic? In no other sense than that in which he has ejected me from the communion of feeling. My efforts have been rather to qualify him for the logical communion and urge him to a participation in the sacrament of reason. In fact, if either of us can justly complain of the other's priestly attitude, it is certainly I. For I ask nothing better than that my criticism of Crosby be subjected to the test of logic, whereas he not only refuses to submit to that test, but denies its efficacy. He *feels* (it is his own word) that he is right, and that is enough — for *him*. His is the priest's way; mine is the teacher's.

And why the expression "voting for *Colonel* Bryan?" The reader may gather that I complained of Crosby's inconsistency in voting for a colonel. My real complaint is that he, a non-resistant, supports a candidate standing on a platform of invasion.

> Tucker and I take a different view of life. I feel my way and he tries to think his. Neither method is infallible and we are both of us pretty sure to blunder, but it is a mistake for him to assume that his way is essentially superior to mine In the last analysis we all feel our way, for logic is based on feeling in the last resort. Every syllogism can be traced back through other syllogisms to a feeling, — a taste, — about which it is not to be disputed. Even mathematics, the most logical of sciences, rests on axioms, and axioms are feelings. We say that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, because we "feel" that it is, and in the same way we believe that two parallel lines cannot meet and that twice one always makes two.

Of what pertinence in this discussion is the undisputed proposition that "in the last analysis we all feel our way?" It has no pertinence at all, unless Crosby means us to infer from it

(though with his contempt for inference he ought never to ask us to *infer* anything) that the most trustworthy method is to keep on feeling our way. But, because mankind has to grope in the beginning, should it continue to grope forever? Because the development of physics and mathematics, which are based, as Crosby truly says, on feelings, has given us the compass and the sextant, ought we to discard these instruments of navigation and embark unguided on an uncharted sea? If Euclid and his successors, after "feeling" that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, had gone on feeling instead of thinking, what, in Crosby's opinion, would have been the present status of the science of geometry? Crosby is carrying coals to Newcastle in reminding me that logic is based on feeling. The question is whether that well-known fact furnishes us a good reason for discarding logic.

The Anarchist thinks that the Archist is a fool, and the latter reciprocates with interest. Each of them has his own logic, and each logic is born of the "feeling" of its professor. The logic of the logician, however, disowns its mother and cuts loose forever from her apron-strings, ashamed apparently of its low birth.

Imagine a logician denying his axioms, — that is, his feelings, — and glorying in having severed the connection between his premises and his conclusions! It is my critic's own case. Tailor Crosby has made me a suit from his own measure. It is a beautiful fit for him, but not for me. I hand it back to him.

My logic, on the other hand (and I am no logician),* is proud of its maternal ancestor and calls in the good only lady whenever it seems to be coming to grief.

Just as a navigator whose compass has been swept away or broken by a storm begins to feel his way again. But, when Navigator Crosby, in this predicament, meets Tucker on the high seas and receives from his brother navigator an offer to repair the broken compass or furnish a new one in place of that which is lost, he replies with withering scorn: "Proud and unfilial ingrate! you have disowned mother. In the arrogance of your manhood you may think you can get on without the good old lady; but, having come near shipwreck, I've gone back to mamma, and henceforth her apron-strings shall be my only compass. Try, if you will, to steer your shameless course to port; for my part, rocked in the cradle of the deep, I place my baby confidence in the lulling sound of the maternal hush-a-bye."

I think that feelings-plus-logic have done more harm in the long run than feelings-plus-feelings.

It is hardly worth while to answer this, for Crosby only "thinks" it, and therefore can have but little confidence in what he says. Now, if he *felt* it, that would be a different matter; and then I should ask again: With feelings-minus-logic where would geometry be?

The logic of Torquemada was unanswerable, once admit his axioms. Heretics were damned. They made converts who were also damned. It were better to torture and kill a few of them here than to consign a large portion of the race to hell forever. Q. E. D. The argument is unanswerable.

In the first place, the argument is not unanswerable. The logic itself is miserable. Logic requires the premises to compel the conclusion, and these premises do nothing of the sort. But I will not stop to analyze the syllogism, for, the sounder it is, the weaker is Crosby's case. If a frightful man once arrived at a frightful conclusion by correct reasoning from false feelings, it was feeling that did the harm, and logic was blameless. Q. N. E. D. *Quod non erat demonstrandum.* The very thing that was *not* to be proved!

Even Tucker's logic is faulty at times. He thinks that it was Czolgosz's feelings that prompted him to shoot President McKinley. This was clearly not the case. Every feeling in him must have protested against the killing of a smiling elderly gentleman who was receiving him like a father.

In the whole range of hypnotic phenomena I know nothing to compare with the effect on Crosby of McKinley's beaming smile. Ever since that fatal day when the old hypocrite stood smiling at and shaking hands with everybody that came along, in artful and abundant dispensation of that universal love common to politician and Tolstoïan, Crosby has forgotten the island-stealer and the Filipino-killer in his overwhelming remembrance of that perpetual and undiscriminating smile. Not so Czolgosz. His feelings for the victims were deeper and more lasting than his feelings for the oppressor, and, had he seen one tear of honest repentance in the tyrant's eye rather than a smile of self-satisfaction on his lips, he would have been much more likely to relent in his stern, though foolish, purpose. In carrying out that purpose he departed from his logical ideal to practise an expediency at variance with his ideal. In that respect his act was analogous to the course of Crosby in "preaching logic and practising common sense," and as such I cited it. I have not raised the question whether it was feeling or logic that prompted Crosby to vote for Bryan, nor did I raise a similar question with regard to Czolgosz.

It was logic that wrecked the lad.

Whether true or not, the sentence has a kindly ring, — a very different ring from that of Crosby's former denunciation of Czolgosz as a "perverted wretch." A case of feelings-plus-feelings, I suppose. And a precious lot of good they have done!

Logic is especially futile among living and growing things, like persons and races.

It is difficult to understand how logic could be exercised among dead things, and therefore why it should be *especially* futile among living things. But let that pass. If logic is futile, why preach it? Crosby declares positively that he does preach it. Why not preach common sense and practise common sense, and eschew this futile logic altogether?

Our view-points differ and are changing every day, and the logical structures we rear upon them usually merely add to the confusion. Jefferson and Plato could not have argued intelligibly with each other because their root feelings were different,—they belonged to different epochs.

It is true that two men starting from mutually exclusive premises cannot arrive at a common conclusion. But I do not see that it is impossible on that account for each to point out errors in the other's logic, to their mutual benefit.

We of today belong to different epochs. We think that we are contemporaries, but we are not. The editor of the "Outlook," for instance, who he interprets Christianity in terms of bombshells, is a good honest representative of the fifteenth century. The "Whim," on the other hand, as far as it knows itself, is an advance agent of, say, the twenty-third, and Liberty for the most part dates from more or less the same age, although it is difficult to place its somewhat remarkable Utopia of a Pinkerton civilization.

Neglecting the question whether the interpretation of non-resistance in terms of ballots is not as fifteenth-century as the interpretation of Christianity in terms of bombshells, I point out Crosby's admission that Liberty and the "Whim," belonging to the same epoch, may argue intelligibly with each other; which looks a little like another Q. N. E. D.

(By the way, Crosby, Pinkerton civilization is not my Utopia. Pinkerton civilization is one in which there is no State rule, the State having been displaced by voluntary co-operation for defence; and I expect that to arrive in the year 2103. I cannot be equally definite as to my real Utopia, — a civilization in which there is no rule at all, no invasion either by State or individual, so that even Pinkertons are unnecessary. But at least more than one millennium will pass before that beatific condition is attained. So, if the "Whim's" vision does not penetrate beyond the twenty-third century, there exists no sociological optician who can supply it a pair of glasses strong enough to qualify it for the advanced class in prophesy to which Liberty has the honor to belong.)

I protest that my voting for Bryan was not a part of my preaching, as Liberty asserts, or at any rate it was a relative and subordinate part of it.

Does Mr. Crosby contend that inharmony between the principal and the subordinate parts of a political philosophy tends to the advantage of that philosophy?

I am very sure that Jesus would not vote any ticket, nor Buddha, nor Francis of Assisi, and any one would see that it was in the nature of things that they should not. They are on another plane. But I feel like a hypocrite when I disport myself on that plane, or rather when I make the attempt to.

Is there any reason why Richard Croker should not make the same excuse?

"The secret of sane living is to go on compromising while shouting 'No compromise'." Does Crosby remember those words? And does he mean to say that Jesus and Buddha and Francis had not discovered the secret of sane living?

It won't do, Crosby. You have always held up Tolstoï to the race as a shining example, and now you tell us that ordinary men who try to follow his example are necessarily hypocrites. It won't do.

As for preaching to the imperfect, I am ready to preach to any audience any idea that is better than its own.

In spite of this positive declaration, I can hardly see Crosby as president of a Society for the Spread of Sodomy with a View to the Discouragement of Rape. At this point, finding that his logic was coming to grief, he probably would make a frantic dash for mamma's apron-strings.

This matter of abstention — from voting or anything else — brings up naturally the two opposite

* Crosby is apt to tell the truth in his parentheses.

ways of regarding any cause, directed against any evil. I may have an overwhelming interest in the cause itself, so that I quite forget myself and my own relation to it. My one effort is to put an end to the evil. Or I may simply try to wash my hands of the wrong, — to clear my skirts of it, — and, in my efforts to maintain my personal purity, neglect altogether the question of the progress of the cause.

Here I quite agree with Crosby as to which is the better way. But, if he will read again the last paragraph of my article, "Logic and Common Sense," he will find it expressly insisted on that my complaint of inconsistency in his preaching was made with a view, not to the improvement of his personality, which I impolitely declared to be of comparatively little moment, but to the increase of his powers as a public teacher, — in other words, of his ability to help in "putting an end to the evil."

Which is the better vegetarian, — the one who starves himself to death by sticking to his diet under unfavorable circumstances, ... or the one who is willing to eat meat for the sake of the cause ?

The latter, beyond all doubt. But Crosby has told us in the "Whim" that, when one nation attacks another, the defending nation must not spy or lie in the ensuing war, and he was very severe on Lord Wolseley for teaching soldiers to the contrary. Feelings-plus-feelings again.

Tucker uses the government post to spread his ideas, and I think he does quite right, though it is clearly a part of his preaching and performed in furtherance of his public ideals. How this differs from my Bryan-voting it would take a logician like him to determine.

And I will determine it straightway. In my previous article I made this statement: "Every act that a man performs in furtherance of his public ideals is, properly, a part of his preaching." The context, a few lines further back in the article, shows that I meant "every *civic* act that a man performs," etc. Now, use of the government post is not a civic act, whereas voting is. Hence my use of the government post is not a part of my preaching, while Crosby's vote for Bryan was a part of his preaching. If I should act with a political party formed to strengthen government control of the postal monopoly, that would be a part of my preaching, and in conflict with another part of my preaching. To me the difference is plain, though Crosby seems unable to "feel" it. Let him try once more. In fact, I suggest this motto for the "Whim": "If at first you don't feel right, feel, feel again." T.

An Introduction to the Book of James.

So far as I know, C. L. James's "Vindication of Anarchism" is the most pretentious thing that has ever been written in this country in the name of Anarchism. I do not know that it is bulkier than "Instead of a Book"; but that was professedly a mere collection of what Andrew Lang calls "lost leaders," while this lays conspicuous claim to being a scientifically-ordered work. Besides, though "Instead of a Book" now and then speaks favorably of its author, I do not remember that it anywhere contains a passage parallel to this:*

I have read and digested all previous speculations on the nature of beauty; as well as all human history.

This information is not only interesting and valuable in itself, but it is most timely, coming directly after the publication of an assertion that Mr. James had failed to digest all his reading. His own direct testimony ought to put an end to such stories. He would be a very valuable man to have about, if it were not that, after reading and digesting all human history, he has forgotten some of it. For instance, when he says that Tolstoï is probably the first Christian who found Anarchism in the teachings of Jesus, he obviously forgets how some of the founders of Rhode Island "turned professed Anabaptists, and would not wear any arms, and denied all magistracy among Christians." *

He has also—strange as it may seem to those who have watched the prolonged coming-out of his serial—forgotten to insert part of what he might have said. At least, he has been saying up and down that he had historic instances to prove that an organization formed for exclusively non-invasive† defence was bound to become invasive; his recent debate with A. H. Simpson would have gone all to pieces, if it had not been for this claim of his; nothing could have been more pertinent to his present purpose; and I certainly thought he had half promised that we were to be shown these instances, or a selection of them, in this Vindication.‡ I was looking for those instances as the most interesting part of the whole treatise—and they did'nt appear. He must certainly have forgotten to put them in.

I must confess that I always find it hard to write about Mr. James's work without speaking in the most personal way of the author. (The same difficulty seems to beset every one else who writes about Mr. James's work; it besets Mr. James himself.) And I find it no less hard to let him alone; for, despite his invariable untrustworthiness, he is one of the most brilliant and suggestive writers I know. As long as he is talking about things in general, "which are Nothing in Particular," and about everything which he calls Metaphysics, he coruscates with a pyrotechnic light that strikes into all sorts of unexpected corners of the brain. It is only when he gets down to things concrete and practical, to points where it is possible to prove whether he is right or wrong, that he talks plain nonsense. Even then it often pays to look and see what truth there may be which he has twisted up into this unrecognizable shape. Really this ought to be one of the valuable points of his work, if people would only treat it so. One of the most necessary foundations for the study of science in general, and social science in particular, is this habit of regarding every statement you see as needing verification; and where can this habit be better acquired than in reading James? I believe he is aiming to teach the Anarchist-Communists scientific method. Well, if they would use this treatise of his for a drill-book, making sure at every point whether he rightly represents his authorities or misrepresents them, and also whether the authorities themselves know what they are talking about,—and holding fast whatever valuable truth they thus prove for themselves, he would have a triumphant success; they ought to come out the best-drilled scientists in the whole radical movement, case-hardened against being fooled by anybody.

At least his remarks deserve that sort of attention when they relate to the topics on which he has read and digested so much,—human history in the broadest sense, including anthropology and sociology. About these his worst enemies admit that he knows a lot. It is different in the natural sciences. Of these, so far as I know, he has never given any evidence of knowing more than may be picked up from reading the "Popular Science Monthly" and such periodicals. Consequently he is at the mercy of whatever he is told, and accepts as practically conclusive what he has heard to be the general judgment of scientific men. He would know too much to trust anybody's historical scholarship in the same way; but he has forgotten that part of human history which tells how in the middle of the nineteenth century the medical profession in general, and its foremost representatives in particular, after abundant discussion, denied the existence of any such thing as hypnotism or hypnotic phenomena, by whatever name called. This attitude of his is amusingly illustrated in the following:

.....to pick up a stone, and ask triumphantly what has become of the force employed in raising it from the earth? Of course, a babe in science could reply that the force has increased the distance of the stone from the earth; that, in so doing, it has altered their common centre of gravity, produced a perturbation (though an infinitesimal perturbation) in the earth's orbit, affected the courses of all the planets and all the suns.

"A babe in science" is just about right. Any one who has studied the first chapter of any text-book of mechanics might answer that, if the stone weighed one septillionth as much as the earth, and was lifted one foot, the force which lifted it has therein pushed the earth away one septillionth of a foot in the opposite direction, and has thereby left the common centre of gravity of the two precisely where it was, together with the orbits of the earth and the planets and the suns so far as these depend on the centre of gravity of the earth with its stone. But this about affecting the courses of the planets has been a part of newspaper expositions of popular science for several dozen years, and consequently it is current coin with James.

With the same lack of any independent thought or observation he repeats the statement that the principles laid down by Malthus are found to hold true of the lower animals. This has (I should like to know how) become a current scientific dictum; yet any one who uses his eyes in the woods and fields must see for himself that all the most conspicuous plants live under Malthusian conditions, but it is very hard to find an animal of which the same can be said. The descriptions of a few foreign species, like

---

* Mr. James not only uses the words quoted, but uses them in a connection which does not suggest, nor even appear to permit, the assumption that they mean less than their full face value. It was probably necessary that I should state this explicitly.

* Winthrop's Journal, ii, 38. I quote at second hand from Dexter's "As to Roger Williams,"—a book worth reading, and much shorter than it looks. Williams himself does not seem ever to have been an Anarchist, though he was much in advance of his time.

† I don't know whether Mr. Tucker will be willing to print this word over my signature; for he has succeeded in convincing the rest of the world that I object to its use, and I suppose he has convinced himself.

‡ I will not be too positive, however, of my impressions of what he has said; for he tells me I did him great wrong in charging him with the opinion that all Anarchistic progress must be based on induction. I humbly beg his pardon.

the springbok and lemming, seem to show that their increase is limited by the limited supply of certain necessaries of life—especially food—of which the individual creature could have a more adequate supply if the numbers of the race were less; but I do not know the name of any vertebrate animal in North America, bar man, of which the like has ever seemed to be true.

But such skirmishing in Saul's armor is not the main texture of the book. He keeps mostly to his own extensive ground, and says a host of smart things, if he would not let smartness take the place of evidence. He has lately complained that, in a passing reference to this "Vindication," I charged him with introducing an important, but unlikely, statement with the words "my readers will believe without proof," but do not tell him where to find the passage in question. He will find it in the middle of the second column of the concluding instalment of his first section; and the statement (of which he now promises to try to give me "physical proofs") is that taboo is "an invention of the priests." I am glad to call attention to it here, because it is a representative case of one of the leading fallacies which run through the whole thing,—to wit, the disposition to assume that institutions and the like have been invented by those who derive the most obvious profit from them. His disposition to find a plot everywhere is worthy of a newspaper reporter in time of assassination. Nothing shall be due to blind blundering, if it is a result at which a plot might have aimed. If agitators against cruelty to animals devote their attention to vivisection, to the abandonment of more profitable lines of agitation, this shall prove that they are guided by somebody's purpose to hinder the advancement of science; it would not do to explain that, of the different cruelties in sight, they chose the one which lent itself most readily to sensational treatment, for such an explanation would be too simple and obviously true.* To keep him from ever perceiving the likelihood that an institution was got up by those whom it injures, he is subject to that most especially delusive delusion which asserts that John Doe is "too intelligent to believe" what John Doe professes to believe and acts as if he believed. He ought to learn better by seeing that such an intelligent man as C. L. James is capable of believing that the Jesuits sent Czolgosz to shoot McKinley.

Another of his pet fallacies is his disposition to take a thing as proved when it is supported by a very weak chain of circumstantial evidence, particularly when it relates to some remote part of history where direct evidence on the point in question is unattainable or of disputable authenticity, and when the argument in question has been set down in a big book by a man with education enough to know better. For direct evidence, particularly for hearsay direct evidence, he has abundant distrust; doubtless he has observed his own incapacity to report correctly what anybody has said on any subject, and expects the same inaccuracy from others. But the smartness of a demonstration from an utterly unexpected source—a prehistoric migration proved by an etymology, or an international balance of power proved by the probable date of the composition of a romance—appeals to his sense of literary effect, and skepticism goes by the board. The whole thing might appropriately be called the Sherlock Holmes fallacy, for it was Sherlock Holmes who most unblushingly formulated the claim that he could think of all the possible explanations of a given set of facts, and, if only one of them would fit the further observed facts, then that one was the truth. Yet Sherlock Holmes, with all his intolerable conceit, had at least made a thorough study of the causes which have been observed to produce the various circumstances likely to be associated with a detective mystery; but these people who deduce an extinct form of marriage from the non-existence of a word for a certain relationship don't always take the trouble to learn half a dozen of the commonest causes for the non-existence of a word in a given language.

Such things vitiate a large and uncertain share of his statements of fact, and thereby vitiate the whole argument. Yet there is a good deal to be caught by the way that is profitable. I know enough about history and anthropology to half keep track of James's aberrations in these; but I know so little penology that I had been taking a good deal of James's penology on trust, only noticing his naïve way of presenting the conclusions of the great authorities "with a few obvious emendations" and then claiming the sanction of the great authorities for his result.* So I had been believing his story that criminals of the Jesse Pomeroy type consented to being kept in jail for fear that people would kill them for their crimes if they were at large. But now, in his "Vindication," he gives Pomeroy's words, from which I see (1) that Pomeroy was apparently just repeating parrot-fashion the general judgment of society that it is right and proper that criminals should be punished—not expressing any consent that what is right and proper be done, nor, so far as appears, thinking very definitely of any motive for the imprisonment; (2) that Pomeroy was apparently not trying to tell what he thought, but to say what he expected would suit his keepers; (3) that there is no very strong presumption that another criminal of Pomeroy's class would have talked the same way in his place. So, among Mr. James's various theories of Anarchism, that one which rests on his penological studies falls to pieces; and this is indeed a vindication of Anarchism—against a caricature thereof.

But, when Mr. James gets to writing extensively, the only limit to an exposition of his missteps is the limit of the editor's patience. Let me close with saying that I hope to buy a copy of his "Vindication" in book form; that I hope to learn much more from its author; and that I hope Anarchism will survive being vindicated.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

* To New England readers what he says about "the self-constituted defenders of animals" (by the way, by whom might a defender of animals be better constituted than by himself?) will appear as another instance of his inability to observe correctly what goes on before his eyes; for Mr. Angell's publications, which are what we mostly see, are mainly devoted, not to vivisection, but to more every-day matters. But perhaps the Eau Claire "zoöphilists" are of a different stripe.

* It is a pity that James should have a monopoly of penological study among Anarchists. Some of the results of modern penology are in the highest degree pertinent to Anarchism; they ought to be kept track of by some comrade more reliable than James, and James should have full credit for calling our attention to the matter.

In the October "Atlantic" Congressman McCall, in discussing the power of the senate, makes it plain that government in the United States has sifted down into the monopoly of power by a ring of capitalists, who have bought their way into that puissant oligarchy. Even the power of taxation which the constitution reserved to the house of representatives is now usurped by the senate. In remitting the war taxes those which were borne by the majority of the people were retained, while the taxes on beer and tobacco were first struck off, thereby putting millions directly into the pockets of senators who control the beer and tobacco monopolies. Not seeing beyond this system of capitalistic misrule, the congressman, in impotent despair, cries: "Nothing can be clearer than that in the long lapse of time institutions of government may be corrupted and become vastly different from their original character." With the denunciations of congress by Nelson and McCall to-day, it may be somewhat interesting to contrast an earlier condition of congressional morality. Writing in 1794, an English observer described the American congress as "composed of men chosen from the people. Their money never has any influence upon their election, and there is no example of electors allowing themselves to be corrupted, or of any attempt being made in this direction, for any such procedure would only result in arousing the indignation of the entire population."

District Attorney Jerome, the Democracy's Roosevelt, jumps into the present mayoralty campaign with fierce denunciation of Comptroller Grout, describing him as "a political prostitute and dishonored renegade" and "a man who has been in and out of every movement that he could get in and out of at the psychological movement,—the man that betrayed Shepard in Brooklyn as he betrayed Low in New York." Now the record of Grout's devious career, and especially his betrayal of Shepard, were as well known to Jerome in 1901 as they are in 1903; yet in 1901 Jerome was carrying on his notorious "whirlwind campaign" to put this prostitute, renegade, and traitor in charge of the finances of the city of New York. Jerome, then, is not a bit better than Grout. But the pot, when it quarrels with its old friend, the kettle, always assumes to speak from the vantage point of a conspicuous place in the china closet.

Henry D. Lloyd.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Having just heard the sad news of the death of Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago, I must crave a little space in your paper for a few words expressive of my unbounded admiration of him, based upon an acquaintance covering many years.

A few years ago I asked Mr. Lloyd to make an address before a club, on "The Sunday Question." He reflected a moment, and then replied: "I've never given any thought to there being a *Sunday* question. To me all days are Sundays; all good books are Bibles; all good men are Messiahs."

That was a true statement of the thought and life of one of the best men of this generation,—a man of the highest cultivation, of natural refinement both of mind and manner, and as brave and strong as he was gentle and true.

At a time when most men were completely blinded by their inflamed passions, and when reason was an outcast even in minds where it was accustomed to be

at home, Henry D. Lloyd took up the fight in behalf of despised and hated men, who were denied simple justice. At that time in his life he was possessed of what most men spend their entire lives in the vain hope of getting,—a happy home, many friends, the means wherewith to gratify many, if not most, of his refined tastes, and the respect and good will of the community in which he lived. No man knew better than he that to take the stand he *did* take would bring down upon him the malignant enmity of nearly all those with whom he was in intimate association, and the bitter opposition of those powers in life that even the most influential desire to placate. He did not hesitate, however, but went into the fight with the whole force of his splendid nature. That fight meant much more to a man of his natural sensitiveness than to most of those who were with him at the time; but he knew no such thing as hesitation in matters which appealed to his sense of justice. It proved a losing fight for the moment, but has been, and will always remain, a glorious victory for the cause of human welfare throughout the world.

Mr. Lloyd did not stop, however, when that particular effort was at an end, but continued his work in behalf of human welfare while he lived. His book, "Wealth Against Commonwealth," is a marvel of patient effort, unflinching presentation of facts, and fearless statement of conclusions.

It could truthfully be said of Henry D. Lloyd what Aldrich said of Wendell Phillips:

> The hearts of all men beat in his breast;
> No shackles but bound his wrists;
> No wrong that was not his own.

The loss of such a man is of more import to the world than the failure of a shipping trust or a steel trust. Other men will build ships, and other men will make steel; but a man of the mental and moral stature of Henry Lloyd comes only at long intervals. Any man who knew him well—or who merely *knew of* him as he was—could truly say of him:

> I honor the man who is willing to sink
> Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
> And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
> Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak:—
> Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
> Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.

W. W. CATLIN.

New York, October 19, 1903.

[All this is true; yet it remains to be said that, liberty being the main essential condition of progress, Mr. Lloyd, who began life as a libertarian but ended it as an authoritarian, was essentially an enemy of progress. In his youth a free trader, he became a protectionist in his maturity, and nearly all the practical measures that he favored are Archistic in character. His god was the majority, not in the sense that he thought the majority necessarily right, but in the sense that his only conception of progress was the bringing of the majority to a certain way of thinking and then enforcing that thought upon the minority. The most that can be said of Henry D. Lloyd is that, among liberty's foes, he was one of the most sincere, honorable, brave, and generous.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Induction.

Strictly, induction and deduction are inseparable, being two sides of the same thing. When we are making primary use of one, we are employing the other in a subordinate way. In practice no one can write an argumentative paragraph without resorting to both methods. To recommend induction means properly to advise beginning with particulars and rising to principles and laws as to general outline, while in detail the deductive method is more or less freely adopted.

One of the few good lessons taught by C. L. James is his insistence upon the inductive mode of investigation, but, to read him, one would think that induction could be followed to the exclusion of deduction.

So astute an educator as Steven T. Byington falls into the same error when he asks: "As to the effectiveness of such a propaganda (of deductive method), would it not be easier to get Anarchy first and a race of logicians afterwards, rather than *vice versa?*"—as if one would have to be more of a logician to learn by deduction than to learn by induction. In other words, to him induction is not logic!

Even our good friend, Mr. Tucker, stumbles over the same block. Says he: "If the inductionist likes induction, let him practise it, and let the deductionist alone." The valuable thought here is that formality in method is of little moment compared with the earnest desire to produce conviction, the reasoning taking care of itself in the hands of a level-headed, zealous advocate or truth seeker. But the clause, *let the deductionist alone,* is unfortunate from the fact that it leaves one defenceless against the scoundrel deductionist who begins with definitions (which are only covert premises for sly syllogisms) and claims it to be impossible to proceed further until these are mutually agreed upon.*

People so far apart as are Archists and Anarchists will do well to deal with the particular and the concrete rather than with generals and broad abstractions in their attempts to come to an understanding with each other; and so induction is the chief dependence. EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

Are They Jealous of Zion?

Dowie has been here, and his advent has given renewed evidence of how these good Christians do "love one another."

> Oh, Christians, loving Christians,
> How happy you should be
> That, while you always preach of love,
> You still h-a-t-e!

The "World" of Monday, October 16, has two columns on Dowie by Rev. Hillis. It was headed: "Dr. Hillis Is Shocked At Dowie's Sacrilege." Dear me! how sensitive Dr. Hillis is, to be sure! It happened that I, too, went to hear Dowie on Sunday afternoon, and was a careful observer of Dr. Hillis. Knowing the close association between Dr. Hillis and God, I was on what Devery calls "the key ve" to know what might happen; and so I observed Dr. Hillis closely, while listening to Dowie. Among other things, I noticed that, when Dowie said: "All those who would like to have the love of Christ in their hearts will please rise," Dr. Hillis remained seated. Of course Dowie had no right to compel a reply to his question; but, inasmuch as I have been present, in years past, when Dr. Hillis stood by the side of a revivalist who issued a similar request, or invitation, or command (as you please), and as Dr. Hillis then made an upward gesture intended to be a sort of moral assistance to his hearers to rise, I supposed that Dr. Hillis would surely "rise" in this instance. Did he? Not on your life! He was too busy jotting down notes on being "Shocked At Dowie's Sacrilege"—at so much per word—for the "World." On *Sunday* afternoon, too! My! My!

At the close of the meeting Dowie pronounced a benediction. Did Dr. Hillis evidence any respect for it? Oh, no! He was so anxious to get his Pulitzer "copy" in shape that, even while Dowie was calling upon God to bless the people present, he, Dr. Hillis, crowded past those between himself and the end of the row, in order that he might get nearer the exit.

Can it be possible that the Christ of whom Dr. Hillis talks so eloquently (at so much per talk), and the Christ that Dowie talks about, are the same Christ? If so, there is vast rebellion in the hosts of the Redeemer.

In his "World" article Dr. Hillis says: "The impression upon all the faces of those about me was one of disappointment." That may be true; for in my own case I doubt not that my face betrayed the disappointment I felt at seeing such a devout follower of Christ as Dr. Hillis admits himself to be remain seated while all those who loved Christ were asked to stand.

Later in his article Dr. Hillis says: "I confess to so much reverence for the name of Deity that I was shocked and horrified to the very marrow of my being." Wonderful man, Hillis! The only expression I saw on his face was one of mingled amusement and contempt; and yet I now know that all this time "the very marrow" of his being was being shocked! My faith in the expression of preachers is now shattered. The next time I see one shedding tears, and looking as pathetic as last week's milk, I'll always be doubtful, for fear that he is really "laughing in his sleeve." I do hate to have my idols shattered in this way.

Rev. Dr. Henson says, according to the "Sun": "I speak from personal knowledge"; and then he proceeds to tell about Balaam. Well, I don't imagine that anybody who reads what Dr. Henson has to say will question his right to speak for Balaam's *companion,* however it may be as to Balaam himself. But the suggestion recalls the remarkable development of sagacity since the days of Balaam; for, while Balaam's Dr. Henson spoke, apparently, without hope of reward of any kind, present-day Dr. Hensons receive large salaries for giving voice to what they think they think. "So runs the world away."

The remark of Dr. Henson also reminds us that the Lord still uses strange mouthpieces for utterances; though in this day they seem able to open their mouths without help (but never without pay), while in those days the Scripture tells us that "*the Lord* opened the mouth of the"—Dr. Henson.

Again, Dr. Henson says: "In all probability he won't go back empty-handed." No; for he is a preacher; and what are a preacher's hands for, anyway? It is the fact, apparently, that he is so full-handed that has aroused the enmity of all the other preachers.

> Dowie, oh, Dowie! why don't you let up?
> There are others who need a few "bones."
> If *you* take it all, *we'll* get nothing at all,
> And then all our bread will be stones!

Dr. Henson seems greatly disturbed that Dowie has money. So is Dr. Hillis. But *they* surely did not give it to him; and among those with whom I talked in the Garden, both men and women, who are members of Dowie's "Host," and who *did* give money to Dowie, there was not only no complaint, but expressions of real affection for Dowie. Who authorized Drs. Henson and Hillis to mourn over the money given Dowie by these "dupes"? Nobody. Why don't Drs. Henson and Hillis say something of people who put money into Morgan's enterprises? There are plenty of people mourning their misplaced confidence in Morgan, who are in all stages of emotion between wrath and discouragement. Will Henson and Hillis attack Morgan? Not as long as he is willing to play the part of "dupe" to *their* Dowie.

Dowie gives something besides "chin chin" for the money he receives. He has established a city that surely ought to appeal to Henson and Hillis, for it is strictly a "moral" city. Dowie's "dupes" all find employment there—if they want it. Did Henson or Hillis ever build a city, or establish a great industry, with the money given them by *their* "dupes"? Not that I ever heard of.

> What a pity! not a city
> Built by Henson or by Hillis!
> But as preachers they are "screechers"—
> And they know just what God's will is!

A "gang" (that's the only proper word) of Columbia College ruffians (called students) went into Dowie's meeting the other night and tried to break it up, giving their college yell, etc. Will they be expelled from that great Christian college? Watch, and see. If they had done the same thing in Trinity church, during service, would they have been expelled from college? Do you doubt it? And yet Dowie preaches the same "word of God," and attendance at his meetings is voluntary—at least in so far as the public is concerned. Same Bible; same God; same Christ; same curious mixture of love and hate in the teaching; but Dowie is not in the "choice set," and the other flocks hate his flock.

Thackeray once saw two baskets of oysters at a stall in a market, on one of which was a card: "Six-

* Don't agree to such definitions. Analyze the "sly syllogisms," and drive their framer to new definitions which *can* be "mutually agreed upon." That is your defence, if you are a good deductionist; if not, you are defenceless anyway.—EDITOR.

pence a dozen," and on the other a card: "Tenpence a dozen." "How they must hate each other!" said the great portrayer of human nature. Just so these separate baskets of human religionists hate those of other baskets.

Bishop Potter shrieked like a fishwoman a few weeks ago, when one of his churches was threatened with invasion by one man, who said he would arise in "meeting" and protest against the form of service in use. The good bishop promptly informed the said prospective intruder that he (the said prospective intruder) would land on the sidewalk, in charge of a policeman, if he dared but make a move toward carrying out his threat. I have been listening in vain for the voice of the g. b. to be raised in protest against this "student"-invasion of Dowie's meeting — a most dastardly outrage; but I guess the bishop has lost his voice. "Minister's sore throat," I suspect.

The "Journal" furnishes a list of thirty-eight "printable terms" used by Dowie — implying that he used some worse than those given, which were not printable. The worst of those given, as I view them, were "stink-pot," "muck-eaters," "wallowers in muck," "literary sewers," and "dirty yellow dogs." Inelegant terms, to say the least; but Christ called his hearers, on at least one occasion, a "generation of vipers"; and St. John the Divine hesitated not to use such "printable" terms as "dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters."

Whenever the elegant and refined "Journal" sees fit to reproduce the *un*printable terms Dowie uses, I will agree to find worse ones in the Bible, or else will "cry *Peccavi*" — and those who have heard me "cry *Peccavi*" say it is a real treat. ONLOOKER.

The Absurd Anti-Anarchist Act.

Whatever may be said against the "Evening Post," it remains true to the brave stand it took, after the McKinley assassination, against legislative suppression of free speech. It condemns the outrageous arrest and prospective deportation of John Turner in the following emphatic language:

The first attempt at enforcing the anti-Anarchist act passed after the assassination of President McKinley is not only ridiculous, but alarming, to all who hold to American ideals of personal liberty. Last night Secretary Cortelyou's United States marshals broke into a meeting and arrested John Turner as "an avowed Anarchist." Unquestionably the government means to deport him — a logical act under an absurd law. Turner has made no incendiary utterance in this country; he has not, in the words of the law, "advocated the overthrow by force or violence" of any organized government. When he preaches the gospel of Anarchy among us, it would be time to deport him. To proscribe him because he may have written or talked elsewhere against constituted authority may be legal; it certainly is repugnant to American ideals. In Portland, Oregon, United States District Judge Bellinger has rebuked a similar arbitrary action of Secretary Cortelyou's. The case was that of two French women, imported, it is alleged, for immoral purposes, who were arrested and detained for a month without trial or hearing. Very properly, Judge Bellinger ruled that Secretary Cortelyou is "guilty of exceeding his authority and of introducing tyrannical methods of deportation." Put beside these two cases the harrying of suspected Chinamen in Boston by the department of commerce, and it will be evident that that newly organized authority is exercising a mischievous activity. At least, these doubtful arrests of Secretary Cortelyou have served to show the absurdity of a hastily framed act which attempts to exclude immigrants for immorality and for political heresy,-without legal evidence of either disqualification.

The New York "Times" printed an absolutely false account of the meeting at which Turner spoke the evening of his arrest, and, as a result, was obliged to print a letter from William G. Lightbourn exposing its falsehoods, but it did not have the grace to offer apology or explanation. Mr. Lightbourn wrote:

I was greatly surprised, on reading in this morning's paper the account of the raiding of the Anarchist meeting held in Murray Hill Lyceum, to find that the only true statement in the whole article was that in which the actual arrest of Mr. Turner, the speaker of the evening, was recorded.

I am not myself an Anarchist, and therefore am not prejudiced in favor of those under whose auspices the meeting was held. I attended the meeting because, as a unionist, I wished to hear what the great English labor leader had to say. The speaker confined his remarks to the subject of the lecture, "Unionism and the General Strike," and attempted nothing in the way of Anarchistic propaganda work, only mentioning the fact that he was an Anarchist incidentally.

The interference of the police was poorly timed, but they carried out their work very quietly and decently, not one of them appearing on the platform. The meeting was very quiet and orderly, the audience only applauding the speaker twice during his remarks. The statement that "Emma Goldman and other Anarchists were on the platform" is entirely false.

The only ones on the platform were the speaker, Mr. Turner, and an inoffensive-looking young man who acted as chairman. Miss Goldman did not speak at all. There were no cries of "The police are here!" for I was sitting up front and heard all that went on. In fact, there was no noise and but little excitement; the police were unobtrusive and did not "block all the entrances," as was stated, and the extremely well-behaved crowd dispersed without any demonstration what ever.

As a matter of justice and to maintain its reputation for fairness, I hope the "Times" will make some correction of so gross an error, as such unfounded attacks on entirely innocent people only tend to confirm the Anarchist contention of the injustice of the present social order.

The New Verse Form.

[David Lloyd in "Life."]

The bachelor 'e fights for one,
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
As joyful as can be;
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
But the married man don't call it fun,
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
Because 'e fights for three—
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
For 'Im and 'Er and It
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
(An' Two an' One makes Three).
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea!
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)

LIBERTY'S LIBRARY.

For any of the following Works, address,
Benj. R. Tucker, Box 1312, New York.

GOD AND THE STATE. "One of the most eloquent pleas for liberty ever written. Pair 's 'Age of Reason' and 'Rights of Man' consolidated and improved. It stirs the pulse like a trumpet call." By Michael Bakounine. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. 52 pages. Price, 15 cents.

FREE POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS: Their Nature, Essence, and Maintenance. An abridgment and rearrangement of Lysander Spooner's "Trial by Jury." Edited by Victor Yarros. 47 pages. Price, 25 cents.

A POLITICIAN IN SIGHT OF HAVEN. Being a protest against government of man by man. By Auberon Herbert. Price, 10 cents.

SOCIALISTIC, COMMUNISTIC, MUTUALISTIC, and Financial Fragments. By William B. Greene. Price, $1.25.

THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE LAWS of Congress Prohibiting Private Mails. By Lysander Spooner. 24 pages. Price, 10 cents.

NO TREASON.—No. II. By Lysander Spooner. 16 pages. Price, 15 cents.

NO TREASON.—No. VI. Showing that the constitution is of no authority. By Lysander Spooner. 59 pages. Price, 25 cents.

THE BALLOT. By William Walstein Gordak. A short poem illustrating the absurdity of majority rule. An excellent leaflet for propagandism. 100 copies, 10 cents.

THE ATTITUDE OF ANARCHISM
TOWARD
INDUSTRIAL COMBINATIONS.
BY
BENJ. R. TUCKER.

An address delivered in Central Music Hall, Chicago, on September 14, 1899, before the Conference on Trusts held under the auspices of the Civic Federation.

Price, Five Cents; 100 Copies, $3.00.

Mailed, post-paid, by the Publisher,
BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City.

"Read the vital words of this woman."
—The Conservator.

WHITMAN'S IDEAL DEMOCRACY, AND OTHER WRITINGS.
BY
HELENA BORN.

These essays treat not alone of the poets of revolt, but discuss, from the Anarchist point of view, economic questions of the day, such as the ethics of strikes and labor unions, individualism and organization, marriage and sex problems.

"A radical individualist."—*Chicago Evening Post.*
"In these essays one comes in touch with a rare spirit."—*Boston Herald.*"
"Fine examples of serious writing."—*The Socialist Spirit.*

A simple volume, beautifully printed.
Sq. 12mo, boards, $1.00.

Copies for sale by
HELEN TUFTS, 4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

What is Anarchism?

An explanation by Stephen T. Byington. 5 copies for 2 cents, 50 for 10 cents, 150 for 25 cents, 750 for $1. Postage paid. Address S. T. Byington, 70 Otis St., East Cambridge, Mass.

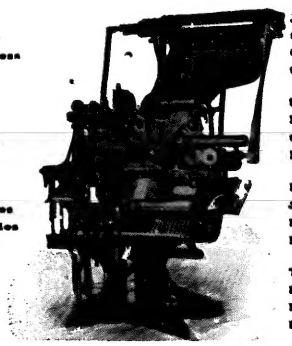
LANGUAGES
Printing Company
114 FIFTH AV., NEW YORK
Telephone, 6188 18th Street

Quality
Quantity
Promptness
Speed

French
German
Spanish
Italian

Books
Magazines
Directories
Catalogs

Greek
Latin
Hebrew
Russian



Jobs from One Slug to Millions

Special Delivery throughout New York

Portuguese
Swedish
Hungarian
Polish

Translating
Editing
Plates
Presswork

LINOTYPE & HAND COMPOSITION

Scientific and Technical Works
Examination Papers
Grammars, Dictionaries

A NEW SYSTEM OF BOOKS

The Ideophonic Texts
for
Acquiring Languages

Edited by

ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

The Ideophonic Texts are designed to furnish abundant material for forming those myriad associations of mental and organic processes which constitute the acquisition of languages. The *ideas* are presented by means of the native language of the student, and the *sounds* of the foreign language by means of the Universal Alphabet of the International Phonetic Association, as shown in the reduced facsimiles below.

German Texts for English Readers

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 1. Four parallel texts, as shown in the following reduced facsimile of two facing pages. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl** Professor of English Philology and General Linguistics in the University of Michigan. 26 + 239 octavo pages. Cloth. $1.00 postpaid to any part of the world.

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 2. Same arrangement as that of Act 1. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.00. (*Partly prepared.*)

French Texts for English Readers

LUDOVIC HALÉVY'S L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN Part 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those shown above. Editorial Critic: **Paul Passy** Editor of "Le Maître Phonétique." Cloth. $1.00. (*Preparation arranged for.*)

Greek Texts for English Readers

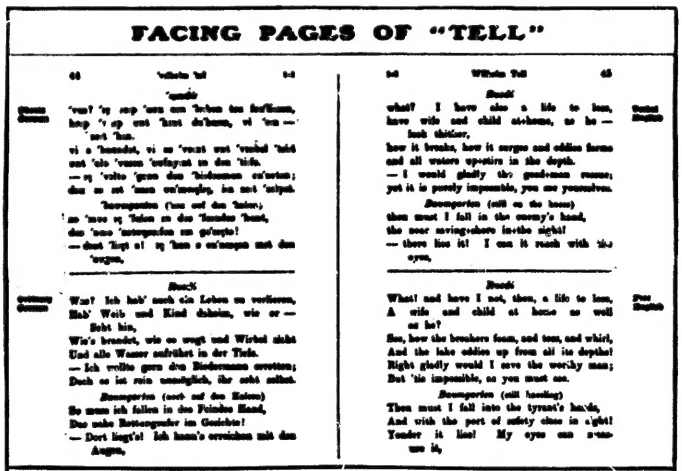
XENOPHON'S ANABASIS Book 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those mentioned above. In the phonic text the attempt is made to represent the actual Athenian pronunciation of the time of Xenophon. Consulting Editor: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.00. (*Partly prepared.*)

The issuance of the three volumes last mentioned will depend somewhat on the number of the advance orders received for them. Other Series are contemplated, as of Anglo-Saxon, Chinese, Hebrew, Italian, Japanese, Latin, Russian, Sanskrit, and Spanish Texts for English Readers; as well as Series for other than English readers, as French Texts for German Readers and English Texts for French Readers.

John Locke:
"And to make the reading and understanding of it the less tedious and difficult to him, let him help himself if he please with the English Translation. Nor let the Objection that he will then know it only by rote, fright any one. This, when well consider'd, is not of any Moment against, but plainly for this Way of learning a Language. For Languages are only to be learned by rote."

Edmond Demolins:
"In short, the only practical and rapid way of learning a language is to store in the memory as many words and phrases as possible. By the time a pupil has read and understood — which is easy with a translation — twelve or fifteen volumes of Latin, he knows Latin."

FACING PAGES OF "TELL"



Henry Sweet:
"Phonetics is almost as old as civilisation itself . . . It is the unphonetic, not the phonetic methods that are an innovation."

Paul Passy:
"I was disagreeably surprised to observe that in American schools, as almost everywhere in France, they make use, from the very start, of the German characters, so embarrassing to beginners, and which there is every advantage in not taking up till later on."

Benjamin Ide Wheeler:
"Words are not words without context, motive, and life."

For WHAT
Remarkable

For Its Fundamental Principle
that languages are to be learned quite as much by Practice as by Theory: that *ideas* and *sounds*, to become sufficiently *associated* in the mind, must actually be *present* in the mind — in the right combinations — *over*, and *over*, and *over again*.

For Its System of Phonic Notation,
the Universal Alphabet of "*Le Maître Phonétique*," a journal circulated in 35 different countries. This alphabet has already been applied to about 200 languages and dialects, and bids fair to come into world-wide popular use. *After one language has been learned by it, other languages are much easier to learn.*

For Its Four Parallel Texts
always in sight, three of them corresponding, *line for line*, and *word for word*: thus securing *perfect ease of reference*. Each text is, however, *distinct* from the others: thus enabling the student to pin his attention exclusively and continuously on any one of them he may choose.

For Its Phonic German Text
giving the *exact pronunciation and stress* of each word as spoken *in the particular context in which it occurs*. Pronunciations as commonly given in text-books, grammars and dictionaries, are not only few in number and inexact, but arbitrary: *fitted to no particular context*.

For Its Ordinary German Text
corresponding *line for line* and *word for word* with the phonic German text, and printed in large, clear roman type.

For Its Verbal English Text,
a word-for-word rendering, corresponding *line for line* with the ordinary German and phonic German texts: enabling the student or instructor to find at a glance *the literal meaning of each word in the particular context in which it occurs*.

For Its Free English Text
giving *the general idea and spirit* of the German, and often a literal rendering of the lines.

The Study of Modern Languages in Boston, Mass.

(From *Le Maître Phonétique* for March, 1901)

The publication of the Ideophonic Texts for Acquiring Languages . . . shows a zeal at once rare and determined in the teaching of languages by the phonetic method. On the two facing pages appear four parallel texts of the subject-matter: a phonic foreign text, an ordinary foreign text, a word-for-word rendering of the text, and a free rendering of the text. The sounds of any language are taught by means of the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association. Students of phonetic systems are to be congratulated that the editor has not followed the usual custom of inventing a new system which they have to practice on before really starting in.

October, 1900 JAMES GEDDES, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Boston

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET

In this table, the letters representing the articulate sounds, that is, the consonants and vowels uttered without vibration of the vocal cords, are *enclosed in curves* ( ).

ORGANS	Lips	Gums	Palate	Veil	Uvula	Throat
Wholly closed, then opened	b(p)	d(t)	j(c)	g(k) ɑ(q)		(ʔ)
Nose passage open	m(ɱ)	n(ŋ)	ɲ(ȵ)	ŋ(ɴ)		
Open at sides (of tongue) only		l(ɭ)	ʎ(ʟ)	l(ɭ)		
Trilled		r(ɾ)			ʁ(ʀ)	ɢ
So close as to produce friction	v(f) z(s)	ð(θ) ʒ(ʃ) ð(θ) ɹ(ʂ)		w(ɯ)		h(ɦ) (h)
	Rounded		ɥ(ɧ)	w(ʍ)		
			j(ç)	ɰ(x)		
Very close	Rounded		y ʉ	u		
			i ɨ	ɯ		
Close	Rounded		ʏ	ʊ		
			ɪ	ɯ		
Half close	Rounded		ø ɵ	o		
			ɵ ə	ɤ		
Half open	Rounded		œ ɜ	ɔ		
			ɛ ɞ	ʌ		
Open			æ ɐ			
Very open			a ɑ			

ː denotes that the *preceding* sound is relatively *long*.
ˑ denotes that the sounds just *after* it are relatively *loud*.
‿ denotes that the sound under it is *nasal*, or produced with the passage from throat to nose open.

[ ] denote that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *high*.
[ ] denote that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *low*.
/ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *rises*.
\ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *falls*.

For WHOM
Designed

For All Students of German,
whether having private or class instruction, or studying by themselves only, who wish to *start right*, not start wrong, to be *continuously helped and corrected*, not continuously hindered and led astray, to proceed *rapidly*, not at a snail's pace, and to test the theory that *practice makes perfect*.

For All Teachers of German
(*whether teaching "Tell" or not*) who know that German can be acquired only by covering *an enormous amount of ground;* and who know, therefore, that their duty is to furnish their pupils with the most refined and powerful instruments for self-instruction which can be obtained. If not adopted as a regular text-book, this volume may be used as a *supplementary* text.

For All Students whose Pronunciation is Bad:
and the pronunciation of English-speaking students *is apt to be very bad*.

For All Teachers who are Uncertain as to Pronunciation
or rendering, or who have a local or imperfect pronunciation, and *who want standard guides*, such as the phonic text and the word-for-word rendering *for their own use* at home or in the class.

For All Students who Read Aloud:
and should students not read aloud more or less: in class and out?

For All Teachers of German Phonology
who now confine their teaching to mere elementary theory, for lack of *accurate and practical texts* on which to set students to work finding things out for themselves.

For All Students of General Phonetics and Philology,
who are interested in the structure of the German language.

HINDS & NOBLE, Publishers
31-33-35 West Fifteenth Street, New York, U.S.A.